UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Why I Shall Vote for Thomas

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

Tolstoy Comes Back to His Own

By J. F. HECKER

Liberalism and Rural Evangelism

By ROBERT WHITAKER

Bunk

By GERTRUDE TRAUBEL

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CII MONDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1928 NUMBER 6

NATURE'S IMPARTIAL PROVIDENCE

I see the Nature Providence going its impartial way. I see drought and flood, heat and cold, war and pestilence, defeat and death, besetting man at all times, in all lands. I see hostile germs in the air he breathes, in the water he drinks, in the soil he tills. I see the elemental forces as indifferent toward him as toward ants and fleas. I see pain and disease and defeat and failure dogging his footsteps. I see the righteous defeated and the ungodly triumphant—this and much more I see; and yet I behold through the immense biological vista behind us the race of man slowly, oh, so slowly! emerging from its brute or semi-human ancestry into the full estate of man, from blind instinct and savage passion into the light of reason and moral consciousness. I behold the great scheme and evolution unfolding despite all the delays and waste and failures, and the higher forms appearing upon the scene. I see on an immense scale, and as clearly as in a demonstration in a laboratory, that good comes out of evil; that the impartiality of the Nature Providence is best; that we are made strong by what we overcome; that man is man because he is as free to do evil as to do good; that life is as free to develop hostile forms as to develop friendly; that power awaits upon him who earns it; that disease, wars, the unloosened, devastating elemental forces have each and all played their part in developing and hardening man and giving him the heroic fiber.—*From "Accepting the Universe" by John Burroughs.*

"As the Farmers Go, So Goes the Election," is the title of an article in a recent issue of the *Nation*. To which we answer, *Yeah!* But who knows where the farmers are going, or whether they are going at all? The author of the above-named article thinks he sees signs of a revolt to Smith. But what are "signs" as over against the inertia bred of years of Republican voting? "New York and the East are going to determine this election." *Yeah!* But what is going to determine New York and the other eastern states? By what magic can the forces at work there be disclosed? "The church vote is going to decide the election." *Yeah!* But what vote are you talking about—the Protestant vote or the Catholic vote? "The 'drys' are going to sweep the country." *Yeah!* But are they going to sweep it for Hoover or for Smith? What impresses us in this campaign is that what is actually known about the outcome is just precisely nothing at all. Certain things seem to us to be conspicuous—that the independent voting on November 6th will smash all previous records; that Smith is drawing heavily from Republican ranks, and Hoover not so heavily from Democratic ranks; that the Progressive vote is being split between Hoover, Smith and Thomas; that women and church folk are going to vote more generally than ever before, for—somebody. We have a feeling that the betting odds, something like 2½ to 1 at this writing in favor of Hoover, represent just about the ratio of the Republican nominee's probable triumph over his Democratic rival. But if the radio tells us on election night that Smith has swept the country with an avalanche of ballots, or that Hoover has broken the solid South and annihilated his opponent, we would not be surprised either way. Anything may happen—except the election of our own candidate, Norman Thomas.

There can be no question that Governor Smith is fast losing stature as a result of his petty bickering with anybody and everybody who ventures to say a word against him. That some of the words being spoken are vicious and wicked is obvious. But what did Smith expect when he entered upon his presidential campaign? No man, in this or any other country, has ever escaped from slanderous whisperings against his character and integrity as a candidate for public office. But "Al" is the first man we can remember who ever undertook to meet a whisper with a whimper. Andrew Jackson was slandered more terribly than any man who ever ran for the presidency, and Old Hickory told his revilers to "go to hell." Grover Cleveland was accused throughout his life of being a libertine, a drunkard, a wife-beater, and the father of feeble-minded children, but nobody ever heard that granite soul speak a word either in complaint or in denial. Worse things were said of Woodrow Wilson than have ever been said of "Al" Smith, but Wilson never dignified any charge with a reply. In this very campaign, Herbert Hoover is just as much the victim of the whisperers as is the New York Governor. He has been accused of drinking liquor with Clarence Darrow, of owning stock in a Canadian distillery, of refusing food to starving Germans, etc., etc. But Mr. Hoover sees no reason for getting excited, and giving the lie, and publishing lengthy affidavits of denial. He simply goes serenely upon his way, and lets his own essential rectitude be its own best witness. When a man raves and rails as much as "Al" Smith does, there's something serious the matter. Either his armor has loop-holes, or else the man himself is a coward. For Smith's own sake, and the sake of his cause, we urge that he get through whining over his "martyrdom" at the hands

of the Stratons, the Caldwells and the Willebrandts, and discuss the issues of the campaign.

It is interesting to note the journalistic lineups in this campaign. The New York *Times,* like the gods of Epicurus, stands augustly aloof from all such earthly turmoils as a presidential campaign, but nods its sublime head on occasion to the side of Governor Smith. The New York *World,* having announced some years ago that it would support Herbert Hoover on any ticket as the man best qualified in this country for the presidency, is now supporting Smith with a frenzy which is in exact proportion to its inconsistency. The *Herald-Tribune,* dyed-in-the-wood Republican, is backing Hoover, with terrible agonies over the liquor question. The Boston *Herald,* devout worshipper at the shrine of Calvin Coolidge, is all for Hoover, as of course the *Transcript* is, too. The Springfield *Republican* came out for Hoover when Smith espoused the cause of liquor, and is giving the Republican nominee valiant support on this one issue of Prohibition. The Chicago *Tribune,* a stoutly Republican organ, is for Hoover, with "alarums" and "excursions" in the wings. The Scripps papers are for Hoover, along with much manifestation of independence, and the far-flung Hearst press is hammering Smith and boosting Hoover with exuberant delight. The *Christian Century* speaks up for Hoover. The *New Republic* is laboring, with its accustomed elephantine ponderosity, to prove that Smith is the hope of the Progressives. The *Nation* hates Hoover with a gorgeous hate, but straddles as between Smith and Thomas. The *World Tomorrow* is thorough-going, and backs the Socialist nominee. On the whole it may be said that the daily newspaper press is overwhelmingly for Hoover; while the weekly and monthly press is inclining to Smith or Thomas. What this all means, as regards the outcome, is in our judgment very little. Most voters make their decisions under the influence of forces altogether independent of journalism. Our press was never quite so inconsequential in the field of ideas as it is today.

Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, of Smith College, in a recent address in New York City, put his finger on one of the most obvious weaknesses of our democracy in speaking of the utter unfitness of the average political candidate for public office. This unfitness inheres not so much in the candidate's lack of ability, which is often of a high order, as in his lack of knowledge and training for his position. One often wonders, when one sees or meets the average public official, how it is that the oftentimes technical duties of executive administration in our cities and states are performed at all. What is needed, if our democracy is to function efficiently, is a proper training for public service. And again one wonders why it is that our colleges and universities have never undertaken this type of professional instruction. There are courses given in political science, of course; there are even some specialized departments here and there. But why does not some higher institution of learning establish some school of political administration on as lavish a scale as, for example, the Harvard School of Business Administration. Business is important, we have no doubt; but so is politics, in the right and proper sense of the word. Our politicians, or statesmen, should at least be equipped to cope on equal terms with our business men. Perhaps if the former were as well trained as the latter, business would not own and control so large a part of government! But, aside from this, there remains the elementary fact that government is a highly technical affair these days, and it is bound to go to pieces sooner or later if those who run it are not trained men. Perhaps a real professional politician will in time oust from our city halls and state capitals the all too familiar "professional politicians" who now crowd our public offices for what there is in it for themselves. We commend this idea, not original with us, to our college and university presidents.

The case of Mme. Schwimmer is developing most interestingly. It will be remembered that this distinguished woman made application in due course for citizenship. In her hearing before the court in Chicago, she was questioned by the learned judge about all kinds of matters, relevant and irrelevant, and finally challenged on the grounds of her pacifism. When she failed to give a satisfactory answer to the inquiry as to whether she would fight and defend a fellow-citizen in time of war, her citizenship papers were denied. On appeal to the Circuit Court of Appeals, the judgment of the lower court was reversed, on the ground (in effect) that the right to citizenship in this country was not to hang upon the propounding and answering of riddles. Now the Department of Justice in Washington has appealed the case to the Supreme Court, and in substantiation of its position has presented to that august body one of the most amazing briefs that ever soiled paper. "The tone of the respondent's statement shows that she is an extremist," says the brief. So no extremists can properly be citizens. This would have interested Samuel Adams and John Brown.

> Because of her sex and age (continues the brief) there is of course no possibility that the respondent will ever be called on personally to bear arms in defense of this country; but she does not believe in other people bearing arms in defense of the country.

List to that, ye Quakers! A little stronger emphasis on this, and all ye, the descendents of William Penn, will be denaturalized! "She does not believe in organized government as we understand it, *because organized government cannot exist without military defense.*" So we have got to get rid of government,

have we, if we are ever to get rid of armies and navies, and war! We knew that anarchists believed this, but we never knew before that it was believed by U. S. attorneys presenting briefs to the Supreme Court. Truly, we live to learn!

Here is an interesting study in contrasts! According to a report of the Census Bureau published last month, figures gathered from 184 different Protestant denominations show an amazing decrease in the number of churches. Thus, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, had 19,184 churches in 1916, but only 18,096 churches in 1926. The Northern Methodist Church, in the same way, had 29,315 churches in 1916, and in 1926 only 26,130 churches. So also with the Baptists, who fell during the decade from 8148 churches in the north, to 7612 churches in the same area. The Presbyterians dropped from 9639 churches to 8947. The Quakers have 714 churches today (1926), as compared with 805 a decade ago. Even the Negroes have suffered—the African Methodists, for example, falling away from 6633 churches to 6208. Some sects have gained—the Lutherans, the Mormons, and the Salvation Army. But the trend is all the other way. Now, while this amazing development has been going on, look at what has been happening to the Community Church movement! Ten years ago, this was only a name. Five years ago, it was estimated that there were 831 community churches in the country. In April, 1926, according to Dr. David R. Piper, in his recent book on the subject, the official list of community churches had grown to 1170; and in April, 1927, to 1296. This represents "an increase," says Dr. Piper, "of more than 1,100 per cent." Such a contrast between churches old and new is significant. It shows conclusively, to our way of thinking, that the sectarian churches, with their divisions and competitions and intolerances, are passing, and that in their place are coming new churches based upon the unifying conception of the common life. The beginning of the end of denominational Protestantism, in other words, is at hand. And who can regret it?

A New Interpreter

A new interpreter stands at the center of the stage. For the moment he happens to be a Spaniard and though something may be lacking in the lightness of touch of another Spaniard who looked upon life through the eyes of Don Quixote, it may not be beyond the range of possibility that this new interpreter marks a turning-point in our understanding of the kinds of people we are.

To those who are familiar with current tendencies of thought, the reference is obviously to Salvador de Madariaga. He attempts no evasion of the fact that human nature is a very difficult matter to classify. The British scientists demonstrated their valor, at least, in the course of the proceedings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Our breakfasts were enlivened on the first morning after their meeting by the announcement that life in a very primitive variety had been created by artificial means. True to form, a stout denial was forthcoming on the following day. Therefore, science can scarcely claim conspicuous contribution either in the field of creation or definite classification. Religion has said that human nature may be identified by those, who through no fault or virtue upon their own part, have in the inexorable course of providential events fallen into the happy association of those who are saved on the one hand, or the miserable lot of those who are lost, on the other.

At any great crisis in human affairs this slumbering curiosity, which we entertain regarding ourselves, bursts out with increasing activity. A few years ago Mr. Trotter in his "Instincts of the Herd" labored so violently to maintain his thesis that he was able to discover a distinct biological difference between an Englishman and a German. Such a theory was nectar and ambrosia to such ardent defenders of Nordic superiority as Mr. Lothrop Stoddard, and we began to realize as never before what very fine people we were.

Then the anthropologists came along to give the pendulum a swing in the other direction, insisting that while certain differences such as color, education, custom, and economic status are perfectly obvious, it remains undeniable that the original stuff out of which these various manifestations have emerged is the same and that there are no differences in the potentiality of the various races upon the earth. So we have that step which fitted very nicely into our modern society dominated by standardization. Towards that classification, namely that we are all alike and may rightly be treated by similar therapeutics, we may already have gone too far to turn back. To be sure, there is a certain degree of comfort in remembering that when your car breaks down at the country cross-roads, the next grocery shop will theoretically supply you with the necessary equipment. Mechanically, such standardization is doubtless necessary and desirable; but one wonders whether the easy expedient of instructing the postman to leave a book a week at your door, on the selection of Christopher Morley, Heywood Broun, and Dorothy Canfield is in the interest of wise literary development. No, the anthropologists were wrong in their tendency to wash out the differences, or at least in the extent to which they carried their tendency.

The time has obviously arrived for the correction of such an approach and for the application to this age-long task of pointing out the sorts of persons we are, from the differences which we attain in definite traits of character. When Mr. Madariaga bases his classification of individuals, and nations, into men of action, men of thought, and men of passion he has reverted to an ancient classification and interpreted its meaning in the light of things as we see them today.

Identifying the Englishman as a man of action, the Frenchman as the man of thought, and the Spaniard as the man of passion, our sympathy will almost instinctively reach out to that group with which presumably as Anglo-Saxons, we are most closely related, namely the man of action. In consequence, we are interested to see the sort of person we are through the mind of an interpreter who comes upon the stage with a considerable measure of freshness. The first factor of your man of action is obviously centered in what he does. Self-control, in which he recognizes that with everything in life there is a time to start and a time to stop; empiricism, which approaches life from the point of view of the experience which is nearest at hand, and which says, "We'll cross the bridge when we get to it;" and finally co-operation, cultivated almost to the extent of a 6th sense—these, says our interpreter, are the marks by which your man of action is identified.

One almost shudders when he realizes the reaction which some of the younger members of this generation are going to make when they hear the word co-operate. They get it preached to them so much that there is little wonder that they rise in open revolt at the very thought or mention of the word. They are supposed to co-operate in school, in the home, in business, at church. You cannot get the proper spirit anywhere without it, you understand.

This Spanish analysis of our instinctive reactions sounds somewhat arbitrary when you first approach it. But when one dips into the daily current of affairs which flow from these three great European powers, he may find such classification of astonishing value in understanding why the French and why the Spaniards, and why the English behave as they do.

In any event, one may find confirmation of this approach which Professor Madariaga makes from sources which are deserving of complete respect. When Ralph Waldo Emerson returned from England in 1833 and wrote his searching essay on English traits he made the following statement: "A nation of laborers, every man is trained to some one art or detail and aims at perfection in that; not content unless he has something in which he thinks he surpasses all other men." "To show capacity," a Frenchman described at the end of a speech in debate; "No," said an Englishman, "But to set your shoulder at the wheel."

Such admirable variety is worthy of respect and cultivation. We shall know ourselves and the world better for acknowledging the differences and calling them by their rightful names, as well as the similarities. As this new interpreter says in another place:

> No one of us can throw stones at our brethren, for all have sinned, and we shall sin again; but it must become clearer and clearer that it is sin, and that the mind owes no allegiance to aught but truth.

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

Jottings

"Opium smuggling on an undreamed of scale, and running into a figure of $1,000,000 and more, was disclosed yesterday." —New York *World*, October 4, 1928.

Let the law be repealed at once, and let the matter be referred to the several states. Then those states that want opium-smoking can have it, and personal liberty will be preserved.

We may be wrong, but it is our conviction all the same that Lindbergh's endorsement of Hoover means more to the Republican cause than any other one thing that has happened since the campaign began. It is by momentous events of this kind that American elections are determined.

Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay's publishers state that her famous work, "The King's Henchman," is "the most distinguished contribution of any American poet to the operatic stage." How much of a compliment is this? How many American poets have made contributions to the operatic stage? This statement was meant well, we have no doubt, but it reminds us of the boy who boasted that he stood second in his class. *A class of two!*

"When it is all over," said James Stewart, of the election in Missouri, "Hoover will have a majority of at least 100,000,000." This statement, as printed in the New York *Times*, was later corrected to "a majority of at least 100,000." But why bother to correct such a trivial error? 100,000,000 sounds quite moderate as election prophecies go.

In a recent scandalous divorce suit, the defendant, a stock-broker, testified that his income last year was $313,266. If we had never heard another fact about our existing economic order than this, we should know that this order is damnable. Any social system which

allows an idle loafer on the stock exchange to make $313,266 a year stands utterly and finally condemned.

Herbert Hoover is a Quaker. If he is elected President of this nation, it will be interesting to see him become Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy. When has a Quaker held such position?

J. H. H.

American Notes—The New York Community Church

(Editorial Correspondence)

When John Haynes Holmes, editor, suggested that I resume my "American Notes," semi-monthly, it occurred to me to return the compliment by writing up John Haynes Holmes, Preacher. Appropriate, too, for last Sunday marked the opening of the year's work of Community Church, and did the preacher not take for his subject, "My Religion"? "The first time," said he to the more than a thousand people, "that I have ever spoken on my religion"—and, beside, there are not wanting folks on this earth who wonder if this preacher has any religion, at all! So, the occasion was in a sense "historic."

I reached the church exactly at 11 o'clock, and the courteous usher, glancing at my gray head, took me quite to the front, and gently persuaded a seat full, that there was room for one more. The preacher was there already—showing his usual exuberant power in every motion, which had been re-enforced by a sojourn of forty days in the wilderness of Maine. He looked fit to "contend with the wild beasts of Ephesus." If you get tired looking at his face, you can turn to the side and see Emerson, Lincoln, Collyer—and above, the glorious Angel of Light; for, they do believe in angels, at Community Church.

If you have time, the 8-page calendar is worth reading (congratulations to the editor!). At the start is the bold Statement of Purpose, which is good to use in any part of the world, or the universe. Try it.

> This church is an institution of religion dedicated to the service of humanity.
>
> Seeking truth in freedom, it strives to apply it in love for the cultivation of character, the fostering of fellowship in work and worship, and the establishment of a righteous social order which shall bring abundant life to men.
>
> Knowing not sect, class, nation or race, it welcomes each to the service of all.

After reading this, I glanced down toward the "Amen Corner" and among the half dozen occupants. I calculated it presented a fine picture of "sect, class, nation and race." And as the Salvationist says, "Praise the Lord!"

And, a glance over the offerings of "Events of the Week"—"Coming Events"—"Social Service Department"—"Educational Department" and "Church Directory" on to the last name of workers, Edwin Koppel, Assistant Usher—Community Forum—it is revealed that no one in New York needed to go unfed, or unsocialized. Community Church, with its open hand, big heart and sane head is a constant invitation. "Welcome Stranger"—its abundant, triumphant life is a tremendous appeal against pessimism and suicide. If you do not believe it, send for a calendar or a set of Community Pulpit sermons. If for nothing else, these sermons are worth reading for the style and English.

Some one prepares the "Order of Service" as intelligently as Dr. Holmes prepares his sermon. Organist and soloist do their part well—I cannot say as much for the congregational singing. The reason for this probably is because every congregation is drawn from many lands and is untrained to sing together. Possibly, a precentor would help. The atmosphere is so vibrant, the preacher so magnetic, the organist so skillful, the soloist finely singing, "Awake, Put on Strength," the readings from Buddha, St. James, and Emerson (this Sunday) so inspiring and the hymns so victorious—"May the whole truth be spoken here . . . Thy perfect love cast out all fear . . . and human life become divine"; along with Samuel Longfellow's "Hymn of Freedom"—that the congregation ought to have made a joyful noise above the busy ways, loud enough to be heard over at the adjoining Armory.

Now for the sermon, "My Religion." The preacher started with the admission that his religion, in one aspect, was not in a "state of order but rather in a state of chaos." He was unable to bring it tied in a paper package, to be opened, on call to reveal to the seeker. Religion is man's reaction to the universe. Man stands like a captain on the bridge of his ship—"we stand as we move on"—and like a captain he can take his bearings, day by day, of his relations to the universe. Where he is today, he will not be tomorrow. His observations thus will differ, each day. . . . "I do not start with 'belief in a living God'—for I cannot find him in the beginning. God is something found at the end." Here are the preacher's articles of faith, as they dropped into his hearer's ears:

1. I believe in Man. The story of man's heroic struggle and increasing victory throughout the ages brings admiration. True, man is stupid. This is because of his inheritance. He is rising. I believe in the integrity and intelligence of the common man. I believe in human nature. I believe in *men*. I find them all—men of different races, lands, color, intelligence—brothers. I believe in men everywhere—and, therefore, in equality, in democracy.

2. I believe in the Moral Law, as revealed by the experience of the life of man on the planet. The moral law is something discovered by experience. Men find that a certain course of action is better than another. There have been prophets, who have seen deeper than others. Little by little man has discovered that life depends upon certain ways. He discovers that this corresponds to something fundamental in his nature. I believe in following this experience of man, not in responding to self-indulgence. Behind the struggle for the right is the right itself. But man is not separate from the universe. He is not in a nursery—the universe is in him, and he is in the universe. This prepares for the next article of faith.

3. I believe that the Universe Is Moral. We know that there is a physical order, law. There is also a

moral, spiritual order. I am not satisfied to call it merely Law. It must be interpreted in terms of Life. I think of a Free Spirit—a term of life and energy. You may call it Energy, or the Unknowable, or the Absolute, or the Power that Makes for Righteousness. A religious man calls it God, Father. This power is not physical, but spiritual. It is the "Living God." "Right is right, since God is God."

4. I believe that Man on this earth has the Universe on His Side. Behind, around, within, are the eternal forces, interested in righteousness. The slow, but sure disappearance of all things base and wicked is evidence for belief. Truth finally wins. Things may at first look hopeless. It cannot be seen how truth can possibly win—but the years pass—and, behold the righteous prevail. We see the wicked increase in great power and spreading like a green bay-tree—but they pass away, and are not. The universe is on the side of man's realization of the moral law written in his heart. This is why I believe in such principles as non-resistance. I cannot resort to violence with faith. Love needs not swords to win its victories. I believe that God is standing—though in the shadow—keeping watch over his own.

And, the preacher's arm went upward into the air —for the last word of benediction and prayer for human fellowship—a religion that begins with Man, but ends in God.

This hearer went away deeply feeling that those there could not have spent the hour and a half (for the sermon lasted about 50 minutes—happily the preacher has no commitee to suggest that he must confine himself to 30 minutes!) with any greater profit; and that churches—like this one—are of very high value to mankind. If good preaching is conspicuous loyalty to truth, energetic enthusiasm for its application, vibrant personal touch, clear, unmistakable language—words, straight from the heart—then Community Church enjoys good preaching, probably as good as any church in New York City. SYDNEY STRONG.

Why I Shall Vote for Thomas*

It's only fair to the Editor through whose courtesy I am permitted to say a word on behalf of the candidacy of Norman Thomas to explain that at the present moment I am not a ticket holding member of the party. Such a statement will clarify my position though it will scarcely serve to endear me with particular firmness in the affections of any party organization. Frank Rose, whose recent death in Scotland has taken from the ranks of British Socialists one of their most valued leaders, remarked on one occasion that he was forced to live "in a state of chronic condemnation." I like to think that this much I may claim in common with Mr. Rose at least.

One can jump from the Republican trough to the Democratic bung without endangering his status in polite society, and provide himself with identical political pabulum from either. The story of the parrot whose clarion call of "vote for Al Smith" rings out in the home of that stalwart Republican John L. Bonce in Hartford may or may not have been inspired by Democratic Headquarters; but at any rate it identifies with a substantial degree of accuracy the mental background of most of the appeals which issue from the old line parties.

The Associated Press carried a ponderous and solemn disptach from Omaha, Nebraska, the other day as follows:

> Governor Adam McMullan of Nebraska, who has been undecided whether he would support Governor Smith or Mr. Hoover, last night made up his mind and declared that he would support the Republican candidate.

I confess that I'm not a very good person to throw bricks, either at parrots who know not what they say, nor at Governors who have difficulty in making up their minds. Truth is, I go through this same thing every four years, trying to find some easy avenue of escape from this state of chronic condemnation. While 'Gene Debs was still alive there wasn't a chance in the world of my securing independence. To be sure, like so many other middle of the roaders, I longed to ride on the gaily decorated band wagons so picturesquely motivated, the one by the Elephant, the other by the Donkey. I see, by the way, that the symbols have now changed to the Camel and the Fish. I used to concede with eagerness and enthusiasm, as I am prepared to concede at this present moment, that these ancient parties had chosen as their standard bearers men of ability, sincerity, integrity. But just while the mud was thickest, and the baby kissing and bolony at its height, obscuring anything like an intelligent presentation of issues 'Gene Debs would come along with something so fine and sobering that I knew there was no chance for me in that campaign to enjoy the sensualism of political gregariousness.

When he died I thought my time had arrived to become a free man. I felt pretty sure that any effort to find somebody to carry on this tradition of intellectual activity in politics, disastrous as this tradition has been to the Socialist party with the electorate, would result in failure. Not that I hoped that such would be the case, of course; but just as I began to breathe more easily word came that Norman Thomas had been nominated for the Presidency, and I knew right away that for the remainder of my life—at least so long as he continued as the perpetual candidate of the Party, I should with him have to remain in the suburbs of political Elysium.

Restricted as I am to a statement of personal conviction I am obviously not called upon to interpret, explain or justify the Socialist position or platform. Putting it all on the most comprehensive basis my reasons for kindly disposition to the Socialist party, well testamented by history, I believe, are first, that abuses within the ranks of entrenched authority are never self-corrective, and second, that it does pay to make a protest. There are times like the present when it seems vastly futile to do so, and no single campaign or generation of protestors can hope to see very definite results. But so able an interpreter of American civilization as Charles Beard succeeds in making out a very impressive case to the effect that such protests have had a profound effect upon our national development and progress.

*Third in a series of articles on the presidential candidates.—Ed.

I am glad that Mr. Thomas sees his job in such light and that he told the convention which nominated him in New York that he did not expect to be elected President this year. It is reported that many veteran hands were raised in horror. Sitting the other day in Lafayette Park looking across Pennsylvania Avenue to the mystic and silent perspective of the White House, I said to myself "that's no place for Norman Thomas." The rest of his life must be cast in the wilderness of protest, and 'tis well.

For another thing I can't get away from the conviction that the Socialist Party is more nearly prophetic of certain changes which are inevitable in political organization than any other group. At the Annual Commonwealth Conference recently held at the University of Iowa the consensus of opinion of some ninety outstanding political scientists of the country was that the present campaign will signalize in America the collapse of the party system and the birth of a new system of smaller parties. It is to be granted that such collapse may not be as immanent as eager radicals both within and without the ranks of Socialism may forecast, but the rapid growth of legislative blocs, based upon economic, agricultural, religious, and constitutional issues, together with the increasing disinclination of the old parties to occupy the front line trenches of these issues means that sometime the rise of new parties to meet this challenge is inevitable. When that time comes the Socialist Party, because of its technique in the organization of society along some other lines than the profit motive, ought to stand in a position of distinct advantage.

And then, I'm voting for Norman Thomas, because of Norman Thomas. I like his record all along the line. I like the idea of Princeton again presenting one of its favored sons for the highest office in the gift of the people. I like to think of the Brick Church shining in the reflected glory of one of its former ministers. I like the anachronism of his residence in Marion, Ohio, and the possibility of demonstrating that something good may come from there. I like the simplicity and directness of his speech, the clarity of his thought, the purity of his motives. And I can never forget that in those stormy days when something had already happened to my mind which it took the World War to do to some others, out of the darkness and loneliness came the voice of Norman Thomas. It was a voice of resolution and reassurance. Of such intelligence and authority this country stands greatly in need today and I call upon all good men to bring it aid and comfort.

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

Bunk

When any young person starts out to make a living, or a career, advice pours ceaselessly upon them from all sides. And most of it is bunk. But the worst line of all is that which is handed out to those youngsters whose training and instincts have led them to turn to art. And I mean art in its most inclusive sense: poetry, painting, music, literature, the drama. One bright bit of counsel has been circulated for so long that it has become a tradition. It was probably good, sincere advice in the first place, but interpretation has made a changeling of it.

"Above all things, gain experience. It doesn't matter how. But experience is the thing. Particularly, romantic and emotional experience. Have love affairs —the more the better. Spend your emotions lavishly—the wider the better. Go as far as you like—the farther the better. If you don't, you won't be a great artist. All great artists are like that.

And there sit the young things at the feet of wisdom, catching the pearls as they fall, carrying away their treasures to contemplate and brood upon in private.

Long ago, when that advice was young, it was probably a useful and capable proposition. But I'll warrant its usefulness stopped at the third period. When our ancestors wanted to lead what is now often called euphemistically a "free" life, they didn't try to make a spiritual virtue out of a carnal necessity. Perhaps they were more robust in those days, even in their vices.

Of course, all artists were beyond the social pale then. Actors were mountebanks, dancers were courtezans and the word "artist" itself was a synonym for physical immorality. Then, gradually, things began to change. Art began to gain recruits from the ranks of the respectable. Or maybe fewer reprobates became artists. And now art is usually rated as morally proper a calling as any other.

Yet oozing down the years comes this sticky bit of advice: so old now that hundreds of people believe it, all evidence to the contrary notwithstanding.

You youngsters, don't let the surging waters of sex put out the flame of your talent, whether it be a beacon for the whole world or just a candle at your own window. Experience is necessary, but even more so is growth, and they are not always co-existent in the same life. Some natures do not grow by experience: and no static talent is worth the material it uses.

Emotional understanding is not the result of sexual experience, though it may come afterward. If you are a real artist, all will be grist that comes to your mill. No incident will be so small, no portent so obscure, that its touch will not enlarge the boundaries of your consciousness. Every hand you touch, every voice you hear, will deepen your sympathies and increase your tolerance.

To the true artist, art and life are interchangeable terms, and it is impossible to tell where one ends and the other begins. Sex has its place, an important place, but it is no leader. Like money, it is a good servant, but a poor master. Sex is the salt without which life would be tasteless—and with too much of which, any meal would be ruined.

Experience, ah! what is experience? Romantic experience is important, but what is romance? It has a different face for all of us. Love experience is important. But who will say that love begins and ends with sex?

Growth is the answer you make to the touch of life on your soul. The tattoo of excitement on the senses is not the same thing. Physical experience does not produce spiritual growth. The great artist makes real to you that which he has often experienced only through his imagination. To him, all life is experience, all life is romance, all life is love. And he lays it all before you, colored and enriched by the experience of his own soul.

GERTRUDE TRAUBEL.

Tolstoy Comes Back to His Own

How the Soviet Union Celebrated the Tolstoy Centennial

The whole civilized world celebrated the Centennial of Leo Tolstoy. It is, therefore, natural that the country which produced his genius could not ignore the event. Elaborate preparations were made. The Committee representing the Government collaborated with the followers and friends of Tolstoy. It was decided to publish a new edition of all of his works, including his letters, diary and various fragments, even the smallest notes. This in all makes a library of 82 volumes, corresponding to the number of years of his life. All magazines, newspapers and reviews produced special Tolstoy numbers and the cinemas and theatres staged his great novels and plays. The Government also appropriated funds to enlarge and improve the Tolstoy museums. At Yasnaya Polyana, the homestead of Tolstoy, the school which was founded by him received an appropriate new building and permission to work out the Tolstoyan idea, combining creative manual work with a spiritual culture and theoretic study. This deviation from the otherwise strictly materialistic policy of education has called forth indignant protests on the part of communist and atheist one hundred percenters. They think it a shame that the Soviet Government should finance a school which propagates the Gospel of nonresistance.

Throughout the country innumerable mass meetings were held in which Communists and Tolstoyans each in their own way were expressing their appreciation of the genius of the great artist, thinker and prophet. Many famous writers from every part of the world came to Moscow to participate in these events. Among them were authors like Stefan Zweig and Bernhard Kellerman. In these meetings and literary discussions the whole tremendous problem of Tolstoy was reopened, which so far every one had tried to avoid. Tolstoy, the artist, could not be separated from Tolstoy, the preacher, the prophet, the thinker. Prof. Sakulin in a brilliant discussion which I attended at the House of Scientists in Moscow justly said:

During these days we hear repeatedly said: "We accept Tolstoy the artist, the author of 'War and Peace' and of 'Anna Karenina,' but we reject Tolstoy the thinker and the preacher." There is nothing new in this statement: The Tsarist regime, the bourgeois philosophers of the West and the Established Church said the same. Yet it is impossible to divide Tolstoy.

These were brave words spoken in the presence of Tolstoy's most severe critics from the materialist and communist camps. Are there two Tolstoys? Can his art be separated from his prophetic function or *is his art but the flower and his preaching the ripe fruit?* This is the problem of Tolstoy. His philosophy of nonresistance is challenging anew the philosophy of force and violence. The greatest danger to the future of the Russian people is the indefinite extension of the state of party dictatorship which in the eleventh year of the revolution is more rigid than ever, particularly in respect to free religious thought and acivity. Lenin expected a brief period of dictatorship, perhaps a decade, at the most, during which time the new political, economic and social order could organize itself. Had the proletarian revolution which swept Western Europe and Asia succeeded the Soviet Union would feel itself secure, but now in its isolation threatened by a Fascist reaction and imperialist invasion, it is in a state of fear, compelling it to rival in armament and suppress liberalism. How long is the present dictatorship to last? It now has become an established institution and a new generation is growing up under its rigid control. Liberal thinking which was a habit of the prerevolutionary intellectuals is in danger of becoming extinct, and for this reason the return of Tolstoy who fearlessly denounced every form of oppression is most welcome.

Many who found in the revolution and who hoped for the rapid coming of a socialist order are now disappointed and even doubt that it can be attained at all by methods of dictatorship. These are returning to Tolstoy and through him to the social philosophy of Jesus which Tolstoy interpreted and which declared the meek blessed and promised them to become heirs of the earth.

J. F. HECKER.

Moscow, September 20, 1928.

Hymn*

(In Memoriam, Leo Tolstoy, 1828-1928)
Tune, "Coronation"

A spirit walks the heedless earth,
  Majestic, stern, benign;
A presence lights the ways of men
  With radiance divine:
Arise, ye peoples, follow on;
God's Kingdom here can still be won.

He looks on kings and conquerors—
  And lo, their swords are dust;
He fronts the rich—and all their goods
  Are giv'n to moth and rust:
Arise, ye peoples, etc.

He speaks—and thrones and altars shake
  Beneath his patient word;
He calls—and myriads hear again
  The calling of the Lord:
Arise, ye peoples, etc.

His smock reveals the seamless robe
  Wherein the Master trod;
The furrow of his plow becomes
  The highway of our God:
Arise, ye peoples, etc.

With saints and seers of all the years
  He points the holy way;
The stout of heart, with courage high,
  Will walk with him to-day:
Arise, ye peoples, follow on;
God's Kingdom here shall yet be won!

—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

* Sung at the Community Church, New York City, at the memorial celebration of Tolstoy's birth.

Liberalism and Rural Evangelism

"Liberal Leadership in the Rural West," by Ernest Whitesmith, minister of the Unitarian Church at Eugene, Oregon, in the issue of UNITY for August 27, 1928, seemed to me worthy of much more attention than it may get, because it appeared in the modest form of a letter, under the general title, "Correspondence," instead of claiming the dignity of an article, as it was in fact. Much more important to the constituency of UNITY and to American liberals, as a whole, is the matter with which Mr. Whitesmith deals, and the suggestions he has to make, than are half the abstract discussions or the hero-laudations with which we so easily concern ourselves, since his call is to an evangelism rather than to individual cogitation or admiration.

Mr. Whitesmith begins:

> There is no part of the nation of which there is so much misunderstanding concerning its social, political, and religious opinions as the country west of the Mississippi.

Perhaps this is so. But I spent six years of my boyhood in the Mississippi Valley, and twelve years of my first twenty-four in New England, during which latter period I preached as a student-preacher all over rural New England, and I have spent forty years now on the Pacific Coast, forty-one, in fact, from Mexico City to Seattle, and I am bound to confess that "misunderstanding" seems to me to have a very wide range. But I will grant that it is common enough as to the region west of the Mississippi, and in particular as to "social, political, and religious opinions" on the Pacific Coast.

An Eastern editor of high standing with whom I dined in Boston on the occasion of a visit to that city in 1901 remarked to me that he had just returned from a personal tour of the Pacific Coast, taken in pursuit of a lost brother, a tour which had been quite unofficial and which had carried him into untraveled sections, and he asked me how it happened that the far western States were so politically progressive and so religiously reactionary. My own answer was, I fear, not very satisfactory, but his contribution to the problem impressed me quite as much as did his inquiry.

> It seems to me (he said) that it is due in part, anyway, to the fact that the drift away from church life when the old associations are broken, and in the environment of your more out-of-door life, is such a strain upon religious convictions that folks who are able to withstand it have to lean over backwards to keep their ground.

Whether the explanation is worth much or not I will not stay to discuss here. But I will say that there seems to me to be something in it, something, however, which is more than local. The failure of liberalism to do much with either the rural West or the rural East is to my mind related to the fact that liberalism has so far demonstrated little adaptation to fields wherein religion must be an *evangelism* and not merely a highbrow intellectualism.

Thirty years ago when I became Missionary Superintendent for the General Baptist Convention of Northern and Central California and Nevada, with a parish of more than two hundred thousand square miles, one of the first problems with which I had to deal was the work of a certain group of evangelists known as "The Gospel Wagon Workers." The automobile had not yet appeared, except as a curiosity on an occasional city street, and if it had appeared earlier the roads in the mountain fastnesses of California where the "Gospel Wagons" went would have made auto travel impracticable there.

I spent twenty-five days in a personal tour with these "Gospel Wagons," as they were called, and called themselves. *In that twenty-five days we never crossed a railway track, nor saw a railway train.* One audience I had on a Saturday morning, for we held meetings not only every night after strenuous traveling through the day in our heavy wagons, but meetings were also held in the daytime wherever practicable, at Cloverswale, near Alturas, in Modoc County. There were forty-five people present, and of the forty-five, eighteen had never in their lives seen a railway or railway train, though many of them were adults, and one was a mother with a well grown daughter. Neither mother nor daughter had even seen a railway train.

Yet these people were not exceptionally ignorant as to ordinary lines of life and literature. Nor was the Superintendent of this Gospel Wagon work either ignorant or intolerant, though his religion was a combination of what would be called Fundamentalism now, and mild mysticism. He was, in fact, one of the kindliest, finest Christian gentleman I have ever known. His devotion to the work was simple, sincere, and certainly far removed from sordidness, as it cost him much and gave him little in material reward. He had college boys in his following, with others who though more mature in years than these boys had more of the ordinary evangelistic crudity in their make-up. But all of them had learned the knack of talking to the country people, sharing the common diet and not over-comfortable accommodations in these country homes with genuine appreciation, and getting over their "evangel" to the people.

In all this trip, which carried us through Shasta, Lassen, and Modoc counties in California, and as far as Goose Lake in Southern Oregon, I found not a trace of what could be called liberal evangelism. Nor have I in all my forty years on the Pacific Coast, or my earlier life in Iowa and Massachusetts ever discovered on the part of religious liberals any disposition whatever to emulate the "shirt-sleeve" evangelism of the strenuously and belatedly orthodox.

The only pastorate I have had outside of a large city in my forty years on the Pacific Coast was my twelve years' ministry at Los Gatos. This was hardly rural, because, while the town itself has but three thousand people it is close to the greatest population center on the Pacific Coast, except the area which includes Los Angeles. Yet there we did attempt an interesting experiment in communicating to a small and naturally very conservative town the message of liberal religion.

In this experiment, which was more successful than we had a right to expect, we had the cordial cooperation of a wide range of progressive people. But the cooperation, excellent as it was, and much as we appreciated it, was practically limited to the center where our work was immediately located. Liberals of every religious faith, with a fine harmony and enthusiasm, helped us to give that community such an expression of the height and depth, the length and breadth of the religious experience as I doubt has been given to any community of equal size west of the Mississippi

River. And the response was as gratifying in its way, despite some limitations of which I may treat at another time, as was the cooperation of those who ministered with us and to us.

Yet beyond this we could not get our evangelism to function effectively. Liberal religious institutions with hundreds of thousands of dollars back of them would spend the major part of their time, money, and effort in intensive training of a score of students, or an ordinary-sized congregation, and could not be induced to take any interest in such a "shirt-sleeve propaganda" as orthodox religionists carry on, either on street corners in big cities, or in out of the way country towns.

Mr. Whitesmith's suggestions as to program stress certain intellectual agreements and emphases which would give liberal evangelism a common message. But what liberalism most needs is *an evangelistic spirit.*

It is too nice, and orderly, and high-brow to go out to the common people, eat their meagre fare, sleep in their hard beds, talk in their everyday language, and demonstrate its democracy in the comradeship of daily life.

The prevalence of Fundamentalism in rural sections is largely due to the fact that the apostles of Fundamentalism are flaming torches, and the spokesmen of Modernism, or if you prefer, of Liberalism, are icebergs of intellectual propriety and dignity. Liberal religion has not, either in rural Iowa, or rural New England, or rural California, or rural anywhere else, within my experience and knowledge, sent forth any common people to the common people with the word of a freer faith and the testimony as to what that freer faith has done to quicken the unselfish life.

At this point the economic radicals in our big cities put it all over the liberal religionists in their willingness and ability to meet Salvation Army folks and Fundamentalists on their own ground, and be as common as any of them. Were they protected against police interference and mob violence these proponents of the gospel of Debs or Marx would match the apostles of the early church, or of any revival period Christianity has known. But not so liberalism. This is why Fundamentalism still prospers among us, that our message does not drive us to shirt-sleeves and the open street or the wayside school-house. Rural religionism everywhere is the advertisement and indictment of the high-browism of liberal religionists. Until the common people hear us gladly, and have a chance to hear us in terms of common life we shall complain in vain of the "moronism" of the multitude. It is not that they are morons, so much as it is that we are spiritual aristocrats.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

La Crescenta, Cal.

The Study Table

Gandhi in South Africa

Here* is the story of Gandhi's great non-resistance campaign for the rights of Indians in South Africa, which gave the Mahatma his initial fame among his countrymen and taught him by actual experience the method of mass procedure against oppression which he has used and is using with such vast effect in India. "Satyagraha" is the word which was deliberately chosen to describe the South African movement—"Satya" meaning truth, and "Agraha" implying love and firmness. "That is to say," writes Gandhi, interpreting his own word, "the Force which is born of Truth and Love, or non-violence!" In later days, Gandhi came to speak of this as "Soul Force," the pitting of a man's spirit of utter devotion to and willingness to sacrifice for the truth, without one trace of hatred or bitterness or self-seeking, against the physical violence and passion of the world. It is what Christians know, in theory at least, as non-resistance in the extreme sense of the word as defined in the Sermon on the Mount—loving your enemies, doing good to those who abuse you and persecute you, conquering your oppressors not by injuring or destroying them, but by serving them and moving them to love and sympathy by the sheer power of your own self-sacrifice.

"Satyagraha" is often confused with "passive resistance," but Gandhi takes pains to differentiate between the two.

> In passive resistance (he writes) there is a scope for the use of arms when a suitable occasion arises, (but) in Satyagraha physical force is forbidden even in the most favorable circumstances. Passive resistance is often looked upon as a preparation for the use of force, while Satyagraha can never be utilized as such. Passive resistance may be offered side by side with the use of arms. Satyagraha and brute force, being each a negation of the other, can never go together. . . . In passive resistance there is always present an idea of harassing the other party, and there is a simultaneous readiness to undergo any hardship entailed upon us by such activity; while in Satyagraha there is not the remotest idea of injuring the opponent. Satyagraha postulates the conquest of the adversary by suffering in one's own person.

The tribute of an enemy, quoted in this book, reveals clearly the nature of Satyagraha as the extreme type of non-resistance, and incidentally demonstrates its irresistible power.

> I do not like your people, [said this man to Gandhi, in the hour of the latter's triumph], and I do not care to assist them at all. But what am I to do? You help us in our days of need. How can we lay hands upon you? I often wish you took to violence like the English strikers, and then we would know at once how to dispose of you. But you will not injure even the enemy. You desire victory by self-suffering alone, and never transgress your self-imposed limits of courtesy and chivalry. And that is what reduces us to sheer helplessness.

The importance of Satyagraha in South Africa is to be found in the fact that it represents non-resistance applied on a large scale by many men, under enlightened and heroic leadership, for the redress of social wrongs. Conduct of this exalted type has been practiced by individuals, whose careers are among the spiritual miracles of history. Jesus, St. Francis, George Fox, Leo Tolstoy are familiar examples. This conduct has also been adopted as a principle of life by groups of men like the Quakers and the Doukhobors, and members of these groups in times of crisis have remained faithful to the ideal at bitter cost. But Gandhi is right, I believe, in asserting that "the Transvaal struggle was the first attempt at applying the principle of Satyagraha to masses or bodies of men." The point is that scores,

*"Satyagraha in South Africa," by M. K. Gandhi. Published by S. Ganesan, Madras, India.

hundreds, eventually thousands, of men and women in South Africa organized themselves like an army, and, by concerted agreement and action, went forth to resist their persecutors not with hatred and violence, but with love and patient suffering. There is no precedent to this achievement of Gandhi and his followers. It marks a new epoch in the annals of human history. "Brute force," writes Gandhi, "has been a ruling factor in the world for thousands of years, and mankind has been reaping its bitter harvest all along." Here, now, is a better way, conceived, organized and carried through to a triumphant issue by the greatest man of modern times!

This volume presents in detail the story of the South African campaign. It is a stupendous drama, beginning in 1894 and not ending until twenty years later, in 1914. How little the young Hindu lawyer who landed at Durban in May, 1893, to discharge a private legal mission, realized what lay before him! Most unexpectedly he found the local governments discriminating against Indian indentured laborers, and at this very time passing unjust and oppressive laws against them. Profoundly moved by the sufferings of his helpless compatriots, and himself a lawyer able to take their grievances into court, Gandhi interested himself in their cause, called some Indian leaders together, organized a permanent committee, and began agitation for redress of grievances. What was thus at first, an ordinary political struggle, not serious enough to persuade Gandhi that he would have to remain in South Africa more than a few months, became with the passage of the registration law, called the "Black Act," a bitter struggle promising prolonged endeavor, cruel suffering, and costly sacrifice. Gandhi, now the beloved and trusted leader of the persecuted Indians with whom he had identified his life, worked out in this crisis his Satyagraha program, pledged devoted spirits to its fulfillment, and put himself at the head of a movement destined speedily to shake South Africa like an earthquake. The procedure adopted by the Satyagraha was as simple as it was heroic—to vow their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to the cause of liberation, to organize their own personal existence on a basis of utter simplicity and mutual cooperation, to refuse to obey the oppressive laws, to seek arrest and punishment, to be friendly, always to the enemy and serviceable when occasion offered, and, above all, never to protest violence of any kind, never to answer blow with blow or injury with injury, but always to turn the other cheek and to "do good to them that despitefully use you and persecute you." Beginning with a few score trained and enlightened spirits, the movement spread rapidly among the poor and ignorant, and at the end burst forth like a conflagration into that great strike of the coal-miners, which at last brought the Transvaal government to terms. What a story is that of the march of the thousands of strikers and their families into the Transvaal, not to fight, and kill, and pillage, and destroy, but deliberately to suffer and sacrifice. It was a miracle that Gandhi could control these hordes, so that when they were assaulted and beaten, arrested and starved, they sought no retaliation, but patiently endured. It was a still greater miracle that, when Gandhi was arrested with the idea that his absence would demoralize the marching thousands, the host held sternly together and kept to the high ideal of their discipline. There was trouble, of course, among so many excited and suffering people, but not from violence. When has there ever been a greater triumph of organization and personal influence! In the face of such a spectacle, there was nothing for the government to do but capitulate, and Gandhi was taken from his prison cell straight into the presence of the premier, Gen. Smuts, literally to dictate the terms of the government's surrender. It was a complete and perfect victory. And it was more than a victory on one issue, or for one group of persons.

> Had it not been for this great struggle and for the untold sufferings which many Indians invited upon their devoted heads, (says Gandhi,) the Indians today would have been hounded out of South Africa. Nay, the victory achieved by Indians in South Africa served as a shield for Indian emigrants in other parts of the British Empire. . . . Satyagraha is a priceless and matchless weapon, and those who wield it are strangers to disappointment or defeat.

I wish that space were ample enough to make it possible for me to refer in this review to the striking details of this long story—the men associated with Gandhi as leaders, so tenderly portrayed in these pages; the martyrdoms suffered by the most valiant souls; the part played by women in the struggle; the life lived at Tolstoy Farm; the prison experiences, and much else. It is all tremendously impressive. If anything is disappointing it is Gandhi's obliviousness to his own central and determining role in the entire drama through all the twenty years. Persistently he prefers to speak of others rather than of himself. Another must tell the tale, to give Gandhi his true place therein! Yet, as the story unfolds in these pages, the great Mahatma, in spite of himself, looms ever larger and more beautiful. His is a wondrous figure—humble as a child, brave as a lion, unshakable in his convictions of truth and right, exalted in his ideals and serenely faithful to their fulfilment, pure in purpose, disciplined in practice, loving all men, even his enemies. There is no one like him in the world today. And here is the story of the days when he became the man he is! As the foundation of his life is his utter forgetfulness of self in the service of others, those who have hated and injured him as well as those who have loved and served him, so is the pinnacle of his life—his trust in God as the guide, comforter and friend of his spirit.

> We are merely the instruments of the Almighty Will, (he writes,) and are therefore often ignorant of what helps us forward and what acts as an impediment. We must rest satisfied with a knowledge only of the means, and if these are pure, we can fearlessly leave the end to take care of itself.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

A Miltonic Poem

The titles "Theodicy" and "Chronosophy"* unfortunately closed to all but the intelligentia, a recent book which has exceptional merits. Charles Drake, M. D., who died in the latter part of the last century, left a book modeled on the design of Milton, "to justify the ways of God to men." There is more variety both in style and in manner of versification than Milton attempted and it is a book full of suggestion, sometimes of a rather unexpected character.

For example, he wrote, somewhere about 1860, of man as

> A creature formed of all propensities
> To delve the earth or soar into the skies.

This is at the time when the best that people ever

*"Theodicy"-"Chronosophy," by Charles Drake. Published by Kerwin Press, Chicago. $3.

dreamed of was to float up in a balloon.

On the same page (90) he says, along Bergson's lines:

Instinct—what is it but the natural act
Excited by sensations ready tact.
How'er Philosophy apply the term
Instinct is, still, but Reason in the germ;
All by instinctive impulse are pursued;
And all with various Instincts are endued;
Till, this, by practice growing more mature,
Reflects, and chooses or rejects—and sure
As Progress ever to improvement tends,
Progressive Instinct, too, in Reason ends.

Again he verses the importance of the land question at a time when it was hardly thought that there was a land question (page 191). He says:

When first man's cunningness and villainy
Taught him to grasp what always had been free
To all alike, without restraint or bound,
No strictures then in weight or measure found—
Till man's iniquities first taught him hate;
And his outrageous cravings perpetrate
Th' erroneous crime of grasping all for self;
And, only filthy lucre seek, and pelf.

Surely the poets are the prophets; he grasps the method of nature which took philosophers so long to learn, trial and error, for he says (page 191):

Deception with its Gorgon train of crime—
All doomed to vanish in the lapse of time.
Unceasing progress, destined to subdue
Existing evils, must its course pursue;
In unabated culture to embrace

Altogether the book will repay the time spent on it by either the curious or the philosophic.

BOLTON HALL.

Correspondence

The Campaign: Good Friends Disagree

I

Editor of UNITY:

The best analysis of the political situation that I have happened to see is in this week's UNITY (issue Oct. 8). I suppose we are all, more or less, prejudiced. However, the first two or three editorials in UNITY are so well done that I want to thank you. In your "Jottings" you refer to Werner's "History of Tammany Hall." That book is the story of an organization more terrible than I had dared to believe. I was living in New York when Dr. Parkhurst was fighting Tammany and thought I knew Tammany Hall.

God give you long day,

LYMAN WARD.
Principal, Southern Industrial Institute.
Camp Hill, Alabama.

II.

Editor of UNITY:

To me there is no periodical quite like UNITY. I find in it my moral balance wheel. It keeps me true. But in the realm of practical politics I never feel quite so sure. Four years ago I voted for LaFollette, but never could accept UNITY's confident hope that he would sweep the country. So now. In UNITY, October 1, I find a scathing indictment of "Al" Smith's wetness, along with justification for the churches getting into line in support of the great moral reform of prohibition, the lineal descendant of the abolition of slavery and the outlawry of war. In UNITY, October 8, is a satirical treatment of the delivery of the LaFollette vote of 1924 to Smith. You say, "We search the Democratic platform in vain for one least vestige of a suggestion of the platform upon which LaFollette fought his great fight." You go on to say that "the Socialists are the heirs and assignees of all that LaFollette stood for." "The stout of heart will vote for Thomas." I have not at hand the LaFollette platform, but it is well known that the real nucleus of his following was in Wisconsin, the last state in the Union where one would look for supporters of prohibition. And as for the Socialists and prohibition, to use your own words, "we search the Socialist platform in vain for one least vestige of a suggestion" about prohibition. So to the perplexed voter who would like to vote his convictions on prohibition there is small consolation anywhere. Hoover promises to carry on the Coolidge policies. The present administration has made prohibition an hypocritical farce. "Al Smith is denounced by UNITY for his wetness. UNITY tells us the "stout of heart will vote for Thomas," in whose platform "we find not a syllable" about prohibition. It does indeed take a stout heart to vote one's prohibition conviction with a party which either through fear or indecision makes absolutely no expression about the issue which UNITY seems to regard as the greatest moral issue of the campaign. This perplexed voter is faint of heart, and so instead of plunging into the woods of silence will take his chances with the one man of "stout heart" enough to tell the country exactly what he thinks of the whole wretched business of hypocrisy and silence.

JAMES A. FAIRLEY.
White Plains, N. Y. Minister, Community Church.

(We cannot refrain from pointing out, in the case of Mr. Fairley's letter, that there is an important difference in the attitude of the Socialists and the attitude of the Democrats toward Prohibition. It is true, as Mr. Fairley points out, that the Socialists are not supporting Prohibition —worse luck! But it is also true that the Socialists are not opposing Prohibition, least of all leading against it the vicious crusade inaugurated by Governor Smith.—Editor.)

III.

Editor of UNITY:

I read with much interest Mr. Mead's article in the last UNITY. After three paragraphs of severe criticism of Hoover, based upon his words and actions relating to disarmament and Americal leadership in world peace and his failure to make the "great gesture" which opportunity afforded to place our country on the side of "justice and good will," he says, "My general feeling for Mr. Hoover is one of admiration." Following this he says again in criticism of his speech of acceptance it "showed nowhere prophecy, courage or the traits of political leadership."

Then after four paragraphs of criticism of Smith he concludes that no reason appears for changing the party administration except for distinct cause and there is none.

If this were only the position of one UNITY contributor I would pass it over but it expresses so well the attitude of the paper that any subscriber may well take note of it. We in New Hampshire are working our heads off to get ourselves out of the tragic position of standing politically "between the devil and the deep sea." I would like to inform UNITY and Mr. Mead that there is a party which stands for *"aggressive* activity against militarism, the large navy and army program, in behalf of international disarmament and for outlawry of war."

The presidential candidate of this party never puts forth "melancholy lingo" in his speeches, has never been mixed up in any political corruption and has not a blemish on his character. He is making a strong and able campaign on vital national international issues. More than one subscriber is asking why does UNITY ignore Norman Thomas and the Socialist party at this crucial hour? We assume it has too much intelligence to follow the old slogan "between two evils choose the least" or to consider the old bunk about "throwing away your vote." A vote of protest may be the best or only way of saving your vote at this time.

MARY TRAFFARN WHITNEY.
North Weare, N. H.

A Tragi-Comedy

Editor of UNITY:

What a pretty comedy we are witnessing. Hoover supported by a united Wall Street except Rascob and DuPont. Rascob and DuPont resign from General Motors

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A PERTINENT LESSON FROM HISTORY

Edwin D. Mead, in an Address at the Bennington Celebration, at Westmoreland, N. H., August 16th, last.

"The victory at Bennington decided the outcome at Saratoga, with the defeat and surrender of Burgoyne, and that decided the American Revolution and the establishment of this New World republic. Creasy in his famous book includes Saratoga among the "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World"; and it belongs there as rightly as Alexander's victory at Arbela, which effected the Hellenizing of western Asia for a thousand years; the victory of Hermann at the Teutonic Forest, which decided that the Teutonic race could not be subjugated by Rome; and the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, which settled that the rising new Protestant power in Europe could not be suppressed or overwhelmed by force. That memorable triumph of the English people under Elizabeth has lessons for America today.

Some of our timid folk are shivering with apprehensions of what might befall us if a Roman Catholic should be elected President of the United States. When the great Spanish Armada came bearing down on England, three years after the death of William the Silent, who for a life-time had been leading heroic Holland in her fight for freedom at fearful odds against the same tyrannical Spanish power, it came armed with the blessing of the Pope and the Pope's ban on all opponents of his Catholic Majesty of Spain. Resistance practically meant excommunication. Protestantism was new, experimental and weak in England. Half the people were still true to the old church. Were they false to England and their Protestant Queen in that fateful hour? Every Englishman, Protestant and Catholic alike, sprang to arms and rushed to Tilbury and Plymouth to man the ramparts and the ships; and the commander of the English fleet, which scattered the Invincible Armada to the four winds, was himself a Catholic.

I am not of those who are to vote for Alfred Smith in the coming election. But the dread of Alfred Smith as a possible menace to our liberties and institutions in case he is elected president is preposterous. The fear would be tragical if it were not farcical; it is not even respectable nonsense. If our republic were so weak as that in the heart and loyalty of the people, it is time we found it out and had a new deal. If Governor Smith took his political orders from Rome, and Rome had any axe to grind at his hands, the conditions are much more propitious in the state of New York than in the nation. He has been as true as steel at Albany; and he would be as true as steel at Washington. I do not believe there is a leading public man in the United States—Catholic, Protestant or Jew, who is not absolutely loyal to the country and its constitution; and I hope that the canvassing of a candidate's religion in a presidential campaign will never be tolerated by the American people. We are not living even in 1588 and the Roman Church is no longer run by Torquemada. The Roman Church is not what it was even a century ago, as the Church of England, the Church of Scotland and New England Orthodoxy are not what they were. Old formulas live on into new days, and die hard; but they do die in time, and become aenemic and negligible long before they die. The first premise in the logic of every period is the civilization, the conviction and common consent of the period's plain people and honest men. If anything could persuade me to vote for Governor Smith for President, it would be the feeling that there was some necessity for it as a way of stamping upon such unAmerican sentiment as has recently found expression in some corners of the country."

PRONOUNCEMENT BY THE PERMANENT COMMISSION ON BETTER UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN CHRISTIANS AND JEWS IN AMERICA.

On the Blood Ritual Libel Against the Jews at the Village of Massena, New York, which occurred on the Eve of the day of Atonement, Sunday, September 23, 1928.

Fellow Americans:

Were it not for the far-reaching menace implied in the blood-ritual accusation against the Jews, raised for the first time on American soil, this barbarous charge would not merit the dignity of a public statement by the Permanent Commission on Better Understanding Between Christians and Jews in America. However, the history of persecution resulting from religious canards proves that, once started, these false rumors swiftly spread and are virtually impossible of extirpation. Only last month this hideous blood accusation raised its head in Germany, Poland and Jugo-Slavia.

The incident which occurred in the village of Massena, New York, on the eve of the Day of Atonement, September 23rd, when the heads of the Jewish congregation were interrogated concerning what proved to be a temporary disappearance of a four-year old Christian girl, as if there might be some relation between her disappearance and the alleged blood-ritual practice, moves this commission, representing Protestants, Catholics and Jews to declare this age-old accusation to be false. It is, moreover, cruel and unconscionable—an abhorrent fiction, calculated to transplant into American minds a long-refuted mediaeval libel that has been the cause of untold suffering and repeated acts of bloodshed in the old world.

Since the twelfth century, Jews in various countries of Europe have been accused of using Christian blood for ritual purposes, and to obtain this blood, to commit assault upon and even to murder Christian children for that purpose. More than one hundred and thirty such accusations are recorded since the year 1144; in each case the accusation was incontrovertibly proved to have been falsely conceived and maliciously spread. So horrible and monstrous is this charge that the best minds of all ages and creeds, including popes, founders of the Reformation and statesmen, have denounced it and publicly warned against its further dissemination.

As late as 1840, fifty-eight Jewish converts to Christianity, headed by the Bishop of the Anglican Church of Jerusalem, solemnly protested that "we have never directly or indirectly heard, much less known, among the Jews of the practice of killing Christians or using Christian blood, and we believe this charge, so often brought against them formerly and now lately revived, to be a foul and Satanic falsehood."

Emperors, too, were outraged at this accusation, and Frederick the Great of Germany exonerated the Jews from the grave crime with which they have been charged, declaring "the Jews of Germany clear from all suspicion."

The Permanent Commission on Better Understanding Between Christians and Jews in America, supported by most thorough and authoritative investigation on the part of Protestant, Catholic and Jewish scholars, solemnly affirm that the blood accusation is a cruel and utterly baseless libel on Judaism; that there is no custom, ceremony or ritual among Jews anywhere, no more than there is among Chris-

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Co. DuPont resignation not accepted. He is given leave of absence from his chairmanship until after the election. The shorn lambs in the recent gambling jag which according to current report included all classes of get-rich-quick artists such as clergymen, teachers, lawyers, doctors, etc., reflect the current morality. Ten million dollars estimated cost of the election of a President. Both Republican and Democratic candidates representing the dominant ruling power—namely monopoly and privilege. Monopoly and privilege would plunge us into war if it saw fit. Monopoly and privilege will refuse to allow free trade. Monopoly and privilege will refuse entrance of healthy workers to our shores. Monopoly and privilege will absorb the fruits of man's labor as reflected in land values as before. Monopoly and privilege will refuse to allow men and women access to God's earth except on its terms. Monopoly and privilege will revel in money and power beyond the dreams of avarice and their direct employees as represented by managers, bookkeepers, cashiers, etc., must not steal a penny without going to jail. It is a pretty comedy with tragic trimmings.

Chicago. MORRIS LYCHENHEIM.

OCTOBER

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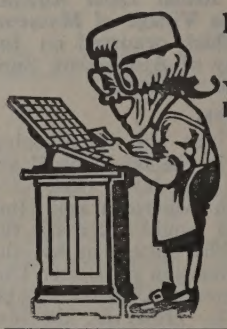

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tians anywhere, and nothing in their traditions or literature, which calls for the use of human blood for any purpose; that in the whole of the varied and vicissitudinous history of the Jews throughout the world there has never been nor is there today, even a sect of Judaism that has observed so barbarous and inhuman a practice.

High-minded Americans had believed that the seeds of so false and monstrous an accusation against the Jews could no more find soil in America than could the stupidities of witchcraft be revived.

The Massena incident, therefore, moves the Permanent Commission on Better Understanding to urge our fellow citizens throughout the nation, in the interest of true religion and of our common devotion to our nation country, to prevent the spread of this libel on the Jews, to destroy it by the ridicule it deserves, and forestall its recurrence by enlightenment, lest ill-will and religious enmity spread among our citizenry and discord disrupt our national life.

William H. P. Faunce, Chairman.
S. Parkes Cadman
Martin Conboy
Victor J. Dowling
Francis P. Duffy
Irving Lehman
Henry Morgenthau
Stephen S. Wise
Isaac Landman, Secretary.

Faith

Faith is not of creeds,
The thousand wind-blown weeds
That grow upon the desert plain
Of human longing;
But is the soul's eternal needs
For which, through the ages,
The human heart has been the voice
Crying in the wilderness.

JOHANNA FRADA.

THE LIFE OF LENIN

Armed revolt was essential if Tsarism was to be beaten—so said Lenin, the prophet of the proletariat. He saw power not as a thing to be seized for selfish purposes, but as something to be secured—to be brutally snatched, if need be—for the masses who were not wise enough to see that they *must* have it, and could get it. In spite of opposition even within the revolutionary ranks he fought always for armed revolt. This was the only way to wrest power from the arrogant autocracy and establish the ordered dictatorship of the proletariat. Lenin was the Tsar of the Reds fighting the Tsar of the Whites, and he used the methods of a Tsar!

Lenin's story is told by Valeriu Marcu in "Lenin: Thirty Years of Russia." ($5.00). It is the story of an outlaw who became the dictator of millions of people, and never showed a spark of selfish ambition.—*Book News—Macmillan.*